

A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes

Western

AUGUST

10¢

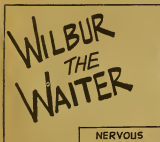
NO. 9



IN THIS ISSUE:
GABBY HAYES
VERSUS
THE KANGAROO
CROOK!



Tumbleweed in THE BIG JR. RIDE!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

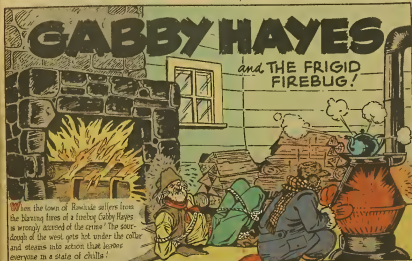
Editor
M. SHULL

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When the town of Rainnide suffers from the blazing fires of a firebug Gabby Hayes is wrongly accused of the crime! The scoundrel of the west gets hot under the collar and steams into action that leaves everyone in a state of chills!

A MYSTERIOUS FIREBUG STRIKES THE TOWN OF RAINNIDE FOR THE THIRD TIME, MUCH TO THE ANGER OF GABBY AND SHERIFF SLIM DAGGLE!

ANOTHER FIRE! THAT BURNS ME UP! FOLKS WILL SAY I'M NOT A GOOD SHERIFF!



DINGBUST IT! I'M Madder than yuh. Slim! I wuz GITTING MUM BOOTS FIXED WHEN THE FIRE BROKE OUT! ON ACCOUNT OF THAT DINGBUSTED FIREBUG I'VE GOT TO GO BAREFOOT!



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- A K R -







GABBY HAYES WESTERN

GABBY PUTS ON ICY'S BOOTS...

AH! THEY FIT PERFECT!
NOW I CAN WALK! I'LL CATCH
THAT FIREBUG NOW!



THAT'S THE FIREBUG,
SHERIFF! GABBY
HAYES! HE DID IT!
WE SAW HIM!



SHERIFF,
ARREST
HIM!

LOOKY HERE,
SLIM! LEAVE ME
ALONE! I'M ON
THE TRACK OF THE
REAL CRIMINAL!



I SAW THE
FIREBUG! HE
HAS SNAKE SPURS
ON HIS BOOTS!
FIND A MAN WITH
SNAKE SPURS AND
YUH GOT YORE
MAN!

SNAKE
SPURS,
EH?



LOOK AT HIS
BOOTS! HE'S
WEARING SNAKE
SPURS HIMSELF! HE
ADMTS HE'S GUILTY!

HUH!? WHAT IN
THUNDERATION?!



I FIGGER IT'S
MUH DUTY TO
JAIL YUH,
GABBY!

HANDS OFF!
I'M INNOCENT--
I TELL YUH!



GABBY DUCKS INTO THE
BURNING BUILDING!

I GOT TO
GIT AWAY
FROM THESE
MAD DOGS!

DONT GABBY!
YUH'LL DIE
IN THAT
PURNACE!



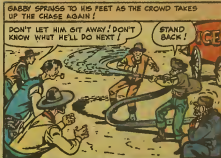
I HAD TO CHANCE
IT RUNNING IN
HERE! MEBBE
THE FIRE HNT
SO BAD UP-
STAIRS!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



THE CIRCLING LADDER SHOOPS
GABBY IN AND OUT OF THE
FLAME!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



IN YUH GO! I'LL MAKE YUH TELL THE TRUTH! SIT UP ON THIS CAKE OF ICE!

NO! NO! LET ME DOWN!

NICE AND COLD, AREN'T YUH, ICY?



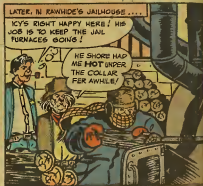
OOOOOOOO!
I CAN'T STAND IT!
I'LL SHIVER MYSELF
TO DEATH!

I CONFESS! I SET ALL THE FIRES! I HAD TO GET WARM SOMEHOW!



BY THE GREAT HORNSPOON! WE DONE GABBY A GREAT WRONG!

ICY MCGREW, I ARREST YUH IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! IF THAR WUZ ANY REWARD, GABBY HAYES WOULD GIT IT, BUT THAR ISN'T!



LATER, IN RANWHIDE'S JAILHOUSE....

ICYS RIGHT HAPPY HERE! HIS JOB IS TO KEEP THE JAIL FURNACES GOING!

HE SHORE HAD ME HOT UNDER THE COLLAR FER AWHILE!



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appear every
month in
Gabby Hayes
Western
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LASH LARUE
IN

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GABBY HAYES

FOREMAN GABBY HAYES AND HIS WARD AND HELPER, TIPPY RYAN ARE ENJOYING THE SWIMMING HOLE, WHEN...

HEY! COME BACK WITH MUH DUDS, YUH ORNERY COYOTE!

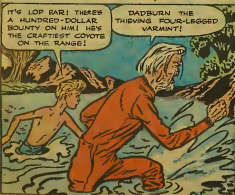
and "The Ornerly Coyote"

IT'S LOP EAR! THERE'S A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BOUNTY ON HIM! HE'S THE CRAFTIEST COYOTE ON THE RANGE!

DADBURN THE THIEVING FOUR-LEGGED VARMINT!

HE GOT AWAY WITH YOUR CLOTHES!

IT'S HOOMILIATING!







THINK YOU'RE SMARTER
THAN I. YUH BLAMED
SHOW-OFF? I'LL TEACH
YUH WHO'S GOT THE
MOST BRAINS 'ROUND
HERE!



SOON... I'LL COVER
THIS PIT WITH
GRASS AND BAIT/ LOP
EAR WILL SHORE FALL IN!



AFTER HOURS OF HARD
SHOVELING ...



GULP! IT'S TOO DEEP
FER ME TO CRAWL OUT!
NOW I'M TRAPPED
DOWN HERE!



SKEDADDLE, CONSNARN YUH! I
DONT MIND TOO MUCH A HOOMAN
LAUGHING AT ME, BUT WHEN A
COYOTE DOSS IT, THAT'S THE
LAST STRAW!



THIS IS TERRIBLE! I
MAY NEVER BE FOUND!
I'LL STARVE DOWN HERE!



I'LL DIE OF
THIRST! I
DUG MUN OWN
GRAVE!



I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED!
THE CRITTER DROPPED
ME A TREE LIMB I
CAN USE AS A LADDER!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

YUH DONE IT JUST TO
MOONLILATE ME! TRYING
TO PROVE YO'RE
SMARTER THAN I!



AH! MR. HAYES!
AT LAST I'VE
FOUND YOU!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
ALL OVER FOR
YOU!



I'LL BE DISGRACED
FOREVER UNLESS
I CATCH THAT
COYOTE!



OUTTA MUH WAY, PARD!
THIS IS A DUEL TO THE
DEATH BETWEEN THAT
CRITTER AND ME!



GABBY HURRIES TO A
QUICKSAND PIT!

HA! LOP EAR WILL GO
AFTER THE MEAT
I THREW ON THAT ROCK
AND SINK IN THE SAND!



BUT CRAFTY LOP EAR
CLIMBS A TREE
BRANCH THAT EXTENDS OUT
OVER THE ROCK!



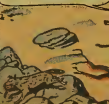
HMPH! GOLDARN
CRITTER LANDED ON
THE ROCK SAFELY—BUT
HOW'S HE GONNA
GIT BACK?



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, LOP EAR
CLEARS THE QUICKSAND!



DINGBUST IT! I'LL GET
YUH IF I GOTTA RUN
YUH INTO THE GROUND!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN



YOUNG FALCON IN

"Vindication!"

YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A GOOD PRICE FOR MY FURS, TRADER ROY, AND NOW WITH THIS MONEY, I WANT TO BUY FOOD FROM YOU FOR A TRIBE WHO HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME. IT HAS BEEN A HARD WINTER FOR THEM.

A FINE THING TO DO, YOUNG FALCON! TANNER, MY HELPER, WILL HELP YOU AT THE GROCERY COUNTER!

YOUNG FALCON, SURVIVING SON OF THE CHIEF OF A MASSACRED TRIBE, HAS ENTERED THE TOWN OF PINEBOW AND SOUGHT OUT THE GENERAL STORE OF TRADER ROY TO SELL SOME FUR BELTS!

TANNER, TAKE CARE OF YOUNG FALCON. HE WANTS TO BUY SOME FOOD. SEE THAT HE GETS WHATEVER HE WANTS. I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY.

A REDSKIN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM ALL RIGHT!

TRADER ROY

YOUNG FALCON MAKES THE NECESSARY PURCHASES!

NO, THAT IS NOT RIGHT, TANNER! YOU ARE OVER-CHARGING ME! I KNOW THE PRICES OF THESE ITEMS!

ARE YUH TRYING TO CALL ME A CHEAT, YUH APPLE-EYED REDSKIN?

NO, NOT A CHEAT. BUT YOU MADE A MISTAKE IN THE PRICES!

NO DIRTY REDSKIN'S GOING TO TELL ME I MAKE MISTAKES!





OVER PERILOUS SHOOT OUTS. NOT PAUSING FOR FOOD, WATER, OR REST, YOUNG FALCON RIDES AS THE SILVER NIGHT CLOSES ABOUT HIM. AND THROUGH THE DARK THE THUNDER OF HOOPS CONTINUES!

THANK YOU, WHISTLING WIND! NEXT WE CROSS THE RIVER AND THEN THROUGH THE FOREST TO THE ARMY POST!



MEANWHILE, IN PINEBOW, THE EPIDEMIC SPREADS QUICKLY WITHOUT THE NEEDED SERUM! TRADER BOY'S STORE IS TURNED INTO A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL!

EASY, DOC---OR YOU'LL COLLAPSE! YOU'RE DOING ALL YOU CAN!

ANOTHER DAY AND THERE'LL BE NO CHECKING THE EPIDEMIC! WITHOUT THE SERUM WE'RE LICKED!



BUT AS THE MORNING SUN RISES OVER PINEBOW, A WEARY FIGURE, FIGHTING OFF EXHAUSTION, RACES THROUGH THE STREETS.

I-I AM TIRED---VERY TIRED NOW!

YOU SHORE MUST BE, BUT YOU'VE SAVED THE TOWN! ANOTHER DAY AND IT'D HAVE ARRIVED TOO LATE.

COME ON, L.D.--- YOU NEED A GOOD REST!

DOCTOR--- HERE--- THE SERUM!

IT'S YOUNG FALCON! AND HE'S GOT THE SERUM!



A FEW DAYS LATER IN PINEBOW!

THOSE PACK MULES LOADED DOWN WITH FOOD IS THE LEAST THIS TOWN CAN DO TO THANK YOU, YOUNG FALCON.

THE VERY LEAST! THANKS TO YOUR MAGNIFICENT FEAT, THIS TOWN IS ALIVE AND NOT A GHOST TOWN!



AND I'VE SOMETHING TO SAY... AN APOLOGY TO YOU, YOUNG FALCON. I KNOW NOW I WAS WRONG IN THE WAY I FELT ABOUT FOLKS JUST 'CAUSE THEIR SKIN WAS A DIFFERENT COLOR THAN MINE. I'VE LEARNED MUH LESSON!

I RETURN TO THE INDIAN CAMP WITH A HAPPY HEART, KNOWING THAT WHITE MEN ARE INDIANS' FRIEND.



HIDE-OUT CABIN

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



BUCK DESMOND reined in his bay horse and rested in the saddle for a long moment, looking at the mountain range that stretched before him.

The steep slopes of the Verde mountains were heavily wooded, though here and there the harsh outline of granite outcroppings could be seen through the trees. Somewhere in this range, Buck knew, a man had been killed. And somewhere in it, too, the rambling cowboy felt sure, was the man or men who had committed the cowardly act.

Buck examined the worn-handled Colt .45 that lay in the holster against his hip. It was well-oiled, ready for anything. Then he pulled his gray Stetson down over his tanned forehead. Pale blue eyes flitted over the forest ahead as Buck kneed his bay into a slow walk forward.

Ahead of him, the Verde forest stretched, bleak, dark and forbidding.

IT WAS TWO weeks before that Tuck Barlow had come down out of the forest. He had been lying across the pommel of his saddle, mortally wounded by a cruel shotgun blast in the chest. Before he could tell what had happened to him, he died.

Word reached Buck Desmond of his friend's death, and at once the cowboy hurried to the side of Tuck's young widow, Sue Barlow.

Tearfully, Sue explained that her husband had been searching for a gold claim up in the mountains, on a hunch. "Years before," she said, "he found a huge nugget up there, while hunting. Then, when Little Tuck came," and she looked down at the tow-haired baby that slept peacefully in her arms, "he decided that he was going to find the lode that nugget came from!"

Buck nodded. "He went on several trips up into the range?"

"That's right!" Sue said. "He found nothing, but he wasn't discouraged. Then, this time, he didn't come back at all for more than a week. And when he did come . . ." She broke into quiet sobs.

Buck Desmond tried to comfort Sue, but his eyes were hard and grim, and his

thoughts were elsewhere. It was then that Buck made up his mind. "Don't take on so, Sue," he said. "There's nothing we can do to bring Tuck back, but we sure can find out who killed him—and why."

NOW BUCK URGED his bay forward, up into the mountains, following the route Barlow's maps had indicated.

Through the day, he went higher and higher, eyes constantly exploring the forest and granite slopes for anything suspicious. He found no clue until, as the sun began to sink beneath the pine tops, he noticed a little path that forked off from the main trail. It appeared to be marked by fresh hoofprints, cleanly outlined against the moist ground. "Worth investigating," Buck muttered to himself. He began to climb down from his bay.

Then, without warning, he heard the sharp report of a distant rifle . . . and the swift whining of a high-powered bullet!

There was a sudden, searing blow against Buck's temple.

He slumped to the ground and, hitting the edge of the trail, rolled over. For perhaps thirty feet he fell, rolling from boulder to boulder until a staunch little pin-oak held him firmly. There, bruised and grimy, with an ugly red smear across his forehead, he lay, as night began to fall.

BUCK DESMOND came of tough stock. And he had been brought up in a hard school. At five he could ride. At six he could rope, and at ten he was holding down a cowhand's job. Through the rambling years that followed, his lean, hard body had been subjected to every kind of punishment . . . and had survived, growing stronger!

So it was that, when two hours had passed, the footloose cowhand slowly rose to a crouching position. His body was aching from the hurtling fall, and his head pained savagely from the rifle graze.

But he was alive, and he was ready to find out who had bushwhacked him . . . and why.

"First to get up to the trail," he mut-

tered. Climbing cautiously in the pale light of the early moon, he reached the trail he had been riding along earlier. There was no sign of his bay horse. "I figured that," he half-grinned. "But unless I'm mistaken, those are his prints going up the little side path." Crouching low, he began to follow the winding trail up through the forest. "This is it," he mused to himself. "If I hadn't stopped to take a look at this . . . reckon they'd never have shot at me. So . . ."

SUDDENLY, his head snapped back as he saw a faint glinting of light through the trees ahead. "Firelight," he muttered. Moving from tree to tree, no longer on the path, he soon came close to the source of the light. It was an old cabin, rough and weatherbeaten, hidden deep in the forest. From its chimney, smoke drifted into the night air.

"Reckon this couldn't be seen from the main trail," Buck concluded. "So they had a man with a gun on watch to make certain nobody came up the side valley. Pretty smart. I wonder what they're hiding."

Treading lightly, he moved up close to the cabin wall to peer through the window. He could see three, heavy-bearded men playing cards over a rough-boarded table. A bottle, half-empty, stood within easy reach. Buck strained his ears to hear what they were saying, and he was soon rewarded.

"Too bad yuh had tuh plug that nosy varmint today," one man laughed raucously. "We could use a fourth hand in this game."

Buck's lips tightened. These were the men who had shot at him today . . . and, more than likely, they knew what had happened to Tuck Barlow. He had to capture them to make certain. But they would prove difficult to overpower.

An idea hit Buck. He looked up at the chimney, and at the column of wood smoke that eddied from it.

Snapping his fingers noiselessly, the lanky Buck peeled off his shirt. There was a rain barrel, half-full, close by. Swiftly, Buck soaked his shirt in the barrel, until it was sopping wet. Then, with the aid of a long pole that lay on the ground, he lifted the wet shirt into the air, dropping it down the chimney.

THE RESULTS WERE immediate and pronounced. As the heavy, wet cloth hit

the fire, purple-black smoke began to billow forth. It filled the little cabin almost at once, and Buck heard shouts of surprise and indignation from inside.

"Something's happened to the fire!" one man gasped.

Another shouted, "Let's git out of hyar! We'll choke to death!"

Buck quickly drew his Colt and stationed himself by the door. As the first burly figure came staggering out, eyes streaming tears, he struck hard with the butt. The man grunted and fell forward. The second man was taken the same way.

The third, a great-shouldered, red-headed brute, must have sensed trouble—or heard it—because he came out toting his gun. Buck lashed out with his, and the man was disarmed. Cursing furiously, he lunged at Buck. For a moment they traded swinging blows. Then Buck swerved away, slammed a powerful right to the man's belly and another to his chest. As his opponent slumped forward, gasping, Buck drove another blow to his jaw that dropped him unconscious beside his mates.

Bending low, Buck hurried into the cabin. Pulling the burning shirt from the fireplace, he hurled it out a window. In a matter of moments the air had cleared and he was able to see about him.

In a corner of the room was stacked a pile of plump canvas bags. Buck opened one. "Gold!" he exclaimed. "Filled with gold dust!" Then he saw the marking on the bag. The initials were T. B. "Tuck Barlow!" he said grimly. "I reckon that Tuck hit it good after all—and then these gents moved in on him. When he wouldn't stand for having his claim jumped, they shot him and left him for dead. But he lived long enough to get back to Sue."

Buck's fist doubled.

FIRST, they'll show me where the mine is. Then I'm going to have to take them into town to stand trial, though I'd just as soon turn hangman myself. And then," he half-grinned, "I'm entering a claim for the mine in the name Tuck Barlow . . . Junior. Reckon, up in the Big Beyond, Tuck Senior'll be glad to know that."

THE END

BUCK DESMOND rides to new exploits in every issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN.

GABBY HAYES

and THE KANGAROO CROOK !!

Recipe: For a rich adventure!
Put in lots of Gabby Hayes, a scrapping kangaroo, a clever crook, drop a few six-shooters and then stir well! At the boiling point, toss into the fire and watch the fireworks fly!



KANGAROO KELLY, A NEWCOMER TO RAWHIDE, SPINS MYSTERY OF AUSTRALIA....

YEP, I WAS IN MANY A TIGHT SCAPE DOWN UNDER, BUT MY KANGAROO ALWAYS HELPED ME OUT!



YESSIRREE! KOO HAS MORE BRAINS THAN A MAN!

IF HE'S SO ALL-FIRED SMART WE CAN USE HIM IN RAWHIDE!



Red Brown

MEBBE WE CAN FIND THE DINGBUSTED CROOK WHO'S BIN STEALING WALLETS AND WATCHES! ITS A REGULAR EPPYDemic!



'PEARS LIKE SHERIFF SLIM DAGGLE CAN'T STOP THE THEIVING!



I'VE TRIED MY DINGBUSTED BEST, GABBY! I FIGGER IT'S NEAR TIME TO RUN ALONG. LET'S SEE...

ANK! MUN GOLD WATCH --- IT'S GONE!



BALLS O' FIRE! THE OENRY THEIVING FOLECAT HAS GONE TOO FAR!



AIN'T NO ONE A-LEAVING HERE TILL I SEARCH EVERYBODY!



AW, SEARCHING NEVER WORKED AFORE, SLIM! THIS DADBLAMED CROOK IS TOO SMART FER THAT!

SLIM SEARCHES EACH MAN CAREFULLY, BUT IN VAIN!...

CAN WE GO NOW, SHERIFF?

RECKON SO. I'M PLUMB BAFFLED.



WHEN I CAME IN, I HAD THAT WATCH. SOME-BODY MUSTA TOOK IT.... BUT NOBODY'S GOT IT.

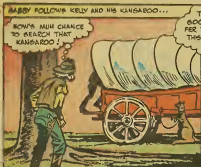


RECKON I BETTER LEND A HAND, AFORE THE WHOLE TOWN'S CLEANED OUT!

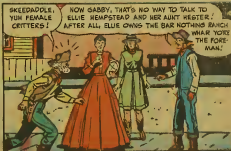
IT'S GONNA TAKE A HEAP O' ROGERING ON MUN PART TO CATCH THAT CROOK!

HHMM...I GOT A KINDA HUNCH 'BOUT THAT KANGAROO!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

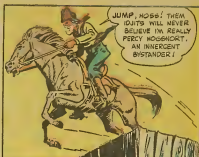


GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN





THE CLOTHESLINE SPRINGS GABBY ABOUT AND THEN SPRINGS HIM OUT INTO MID-AIR....

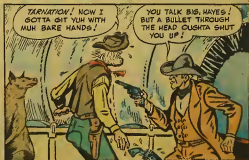
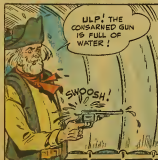
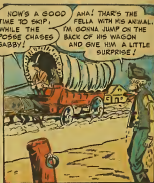


...SENDING HIM FLYING INTO A NEARBY WATER WELL!



WHILE GABBY IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL, THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN PURSUE THE RIDERLESS HORSE!









PILOT PETE

"LOOSE BRAINS"

WHY, HELLO, MRS. MEANEY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE AT THE AIRFIELD?

OH, DIDN'T YOU HEAR? MY HUSBAND GOT A JOB AS A TEST PILOT.

A TEST PILOT?

THAT'S RIGHT. HE'S UP THERE IN HIS PLANE RIGHT NOW DOING SOME LOOP-DE-LOOPS!

GOSH, YOU MUST BE NERVOUS.

NERVOUS? OH, NO, NOT AT ALL!

YOU MEAN YOU AREN'T WORRIED WHEN YOU SEE YOUR HUSBAND LOOPING THE LOOP?

OF COURSE NOT--

-- I REMOVED ALL THE LOOSE CHANGE FROM HIS POCKETS BEFORE HE WENT UP!



BELL BOTTOM BILL

"TIDE-Y"

IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT I BECAME A SAILOR, BILL.

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

BECAUSE I COME FROM A SEAFARING FAMILY.

IS THAT SO?



IT SURE IS. MY FATHER WAS IN THE NAVY AND SO WAS MY GRANDFATHER. IN MY EYES, YOU'RE JUST A LANDLUBBER!

I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THIS GUY DOWN A PEG OR TWO!

OH, YEAH? LISTEN, MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER SPENT SO MANY YEARS ON THE SEVEN SEAS. HE GOT LIKE THE OCEAN HIMSELF!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HE WAS SO MUCH A PART OF THE SEA, EVEN HIS BLOOD WENT IN AND OUT WITH THE TIDE!



I WARN YUH---
I'LL PLUG THE NEXT
COYOTE WHO SAYS MUH
BRAINS ARE AS
MOTH-EATEN AS
MUH HAT!



A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes

Western

AUGUST

10¢

NO. 9

GABBY HAYES #9 fawcett 8/44

IFC? IBC?

JACK BINDER

"SUTTER" (L. FRANK

YOUNG FALCON

" "

JACK BINDER

IN THIS
GABBY HAYES
VER
THE KANSAS
CROSS